NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

L'ETOILE DU NORD

AN OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

COMPOSED BY

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

EDITED, AND THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT REVISED, BY
BERTHOLD TOURES.

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY
HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Note.—The English translation of the Opera having been left unfinished by Mr. CHORLEY, it has been completed for this Edition by the Rev. J. TROUTBECK.

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L’ETOILE DU NORD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prasovia (Niece of Reinhold) ... ... ... Soprano.
Natalie (a Vivandière) ... ... ... Soprano.
Emilie (a Vivandière) ... ... ... Mezzo-Soprano.
Catherine (Sister of George Skavronski) ... ... ... Mezzo-Soprano.
George Skavronski (a Teacher of Music) ... ... ... Tenor.
Danilowitz (a Pastrycook, afterwards a Colonel) ... ... ... Tenor.
Ismailoff (a Cossack Officer) ... ... ... Tenor.
A Workman ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenor.
Peter the Czar (a Carpenter) ... ... ... Bass.
Gritzenko (a Corporal of Grenadiers) ... ... ... Bass.
Scheremeteff (a Russian General) ... ... ... Bass.
Terrmoloff (a Russian Colonel) ... ... ... Bass.
Reinhold (a Tavern-keeper) ... ... ... Bass.
A Sentinel ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
Chorus of Women ... ... ... ... ... ... S.
" Village Girls ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.A.
" Workmen ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.T.T.B.B.
" Recruits ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.T.T.B.B.
" Musicians ... ... ... ... ... ... T.B.
" Soldiers ... ... ... ... ... ... T.T.B.B.
" Kalmucks ... ... ... ... ... ... T.T.B.B.

In the First Act the scene is laid in Finland; in the Second Act in the Russian camp; the Third Act in the palace of the Czar at St. Petersbury.

ARGUMENT.

The opera opens with a village scene. Some carpenters are discovered resting during their dinner hour, Peter alone continuing at work. To them, as they sing in praise of leisure, appears Danilowitz, the pastrycook, and offers them his wares. Danilowitz asks after Catherine, who is usually to be found at this hour selling liquor to the workmen. They tell him she is staying at home to-day, and provoke Peter by their banter about his lover’s grief at her absence. A drinking chorus in praise of Finland follows, whereupon Danilowitz drinks to the Czar, and raises a quarrel between himself and the workmen, Peter taking his side in it. The quarrel is ended by the sound of the bell recalling them to labour. Danilowitz then asks Peter how he, a Russian, comes to be in Finland. Peter tells him, and asks him in return about himself. Danilowitz says he purposes to return to Russia, and offer his services to the Czar. They agree to travel to Russia together, and Peter prophesies his companion’s coming advancement. After the exit of Danilowitz Peter goes to the house of George Skavronski to have a lesson on the flute, and there learns that Catherine is gone to plead her brother’s cause with Reinhold, the tavern-keeper, uncle of Prasovia, to whom George Skavronski is affianced. While George is telling Peter the story, Catherine returns with the news of the success of her mission. Peter listens to Catherine, and hears her go on to speak of the brilliant destiny her dying mother forewove for her. To them appears Prasovia, breathless, having run to escape a body of Kalmucks and Cossacks, by whom the village has been invested. Catherine, however, sees in them fellow-countrymen and delvers, and goes out to greet them. While they are singing a wild chorus, descriptive of their deeds, Catherine, in the name of her mother, once their Pretress, warns them to retire. She succeeds in checking them by promising to Gritzenko, their leader, promotion from the Czar, and good-fortune to all. A duet between Catherine and Peter follows, in the
course of which she tells him he must rise to distinction before he can successfully claim her hand, and gives him a ring as a token of her promise to be his. In the next scene Prasovia brings a letter to Catherine, who on reading it finds that the Cossacks have impressed her brother, and that if he cannot find a substitute he will have to march that very night. Catherine comforts Prasovia by assuring her that her marriage with George will not be delayed, and that a substitute for fifteen days will certainly be found, only that George must come at the end of fifteen days to relieve his substitute. The marriage then takes place, Catherine passing through the crowd enveloped in a cloak, and singing a farewell to those whom she is about to leave.

The second act opens with a dancing scene in the Russian camp, Natalie, Ekimona, and other sutlers moving about, or dancing with the soldiers. Catherine appears, dressed as a recruit; Ismailoff, the Cossack, at Gritzenko's invitation, sings. Gritzenko himself sings afterwards in praise of the Russian Grenadiers, of which regiment he has now become corporal, and which he thinks has been slighted in Ismailoff's song. Gritzenko looks at Catherine intently, remarking that her face reminds him of a pretty singer he once knew in Finland. Catherine says it was her sister. They talk of the imperious commands of the Czar, and Gritzenko speaks of a mutinous conspiracy which is afoot in the army, Yermoloff, his colonel, being concerned in it. Meanwhile Peter arrives at the camp in the capacity of a captain. He tells General Sheremetieff he has heard of the mutinous spirit abroad in the army, but knows how to repress it; and, pending the arrival of a Tartar regiment on which he can rely, he holds a revel with Danilowitz, who is now a Russian colonel, and Natalie and Ekimona. Catherine and two other soldiers are appointed sentries over his tent. Catherine, peeping into the tent, recognises Danilowitz and Peter. With joy she hears her name toasted by Peter, but afterwards, with indignation, witnesses him in his drunkenness caressing the two vivandières. Gritzenko comes to relieve guard, and, finding Catherine spying upon the officers' privacy, orders her to quarters in confinement. She refuses to go, and strikes Gritzenko when he tries to force her away. On this Gritzenko drags her before Peter, who says she must be shot. As she is being removed she appeals with loud cries to Peter, who at length recognises her voice, and orders Gritzenko to bring her back. He returns, saying she has escaped by swimming the river near to which she was being conducted, and (aside) that he shot her in the water. He brings a paper with a farewell written upon it, and containing the ring Peter had given her, as well as the names of the chief mutineers, and she bids him use the information to advance himself with the Czar. A grand scene follows, in which Peter, confessing himself to be the Czar, quells the mutiny, revives the loyalty of the soldiers, and urges them on to victory.

The third act opens with a scene in which Peter appears, having taken up again carpenter's work, in order to try and forget Catherine. Danilowitz enters, and afterwards Gritzenko, the latter to ask for promotion, grounding his claim on his having received the blow from Catherine, without having had it atoned for. Peter is greatly enraged at the story, and seizes a hatchet to kill him for having fired at Catherine, but is prevented by Danilowitz. Gritzenko is ordered, on pain of death, to produce before the next day the soldier he fired at. Prasovia and George appear, and are arrested. At the moment Peter enters hurriedly, saying he has heard Catherine singing the song she and he alone know. Danilowitz allows that she is in the palace, having been brought there the day before by a peasant woman who had given her an asylum, but that he had foreborne to tell the Czar, since, from the hardships she had undergone and her lover's desertion, her reason had left her. The chorus with which the opera opens is then sung in her hearing, and Danilowitz, dressed as a pastry-cook, sings his song again. Then appear George, Prasovia, and Reinhold, dressed as in Act I, and the chorus of girls that sang at Prasovia's wedding, singing the same words they sang then. Last of all the air Peter used to play on the flute is heard, and she joins in, and sings it. Her reason gradually returns, she falls into Peter's arms, and the opera closes with her being saluted empress.
OVERTURE.

Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinettes in E flat, Bassoons, 2 Horns, 2 Trumpets, 2 Trombones, Kettle Drums in E flat & E flat, Drums, Cymbals, Triangle, 2 Harps, & Strings.

Tempo di marcia, maestoso.

Piano.

Cello, & B. Bass.

Ste. pizz. Basso.

K. Etr.

Cl.

Cl. & Vl. arco.

p star. con delicatezza.

Fl.

f3 p

Vl.

Tutti.


ACT I.

SCENE.—Village on the Gulf of Finland. To the left is the house of George Skavrinsky, with steps up to the door; to the right, the porch of the village church. At the back of the stage are rocks, and a rude pier, overhanging the Gulf of Finland. Noon. The carpenters are discovered, resting during their dinner hour, and waited upon by their wives and children. Peter alone continuing at work.

No. 2

SOLI AND CHORUS.—"BENEATH THIS LINDEN."

Piano.

Str. pizz. marcatto.

Wind. Str. pizz. fp dim.

Allegro.

Allegro molto moderato.

Two Sopranos.

dolce.

Tenor Solo.

Canzabile.

Beneath this linden,

Al' om-bra a-mi-ca

Two Tenors.

dolce.

in shade de-li-cious,

Dal lo fa-ti-ca

Come rest a-while, come rest a-

Ci ris-to-riam, Ci ris-to-

Two Basses.

Wind. fp dim.

Allegretto molto moderato. (d = 88.)

Be-neth this lin-den,

Al' om-bra a-mi-ca

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(11.)
No. 3. *Solo and Chorus.*—“HERE ARE WE, ALIVE AND WELL.”

Here are we, alive and well, you see, My sweets and I together:
Come and buy, and try how crisp they be, And light as any feather.
Rare macaroons today, As fresh as flowers in May; Compfits that
poison not, Tart that are smoking hot, Only look and taste 'em too, For one and

all to-day are new, to-day are new! : For one and all to-day are new, to-day are

diam chi vuol comprare, chi vuol comprare! : Chi vuol comprare, chi vuol comprare, chi vuol comprare.

new! Then look, and taste 'em too, For all to-day are new! Then look, and taste 'em too, For all to-day are

prare! N'ha qui di più sa-por, E son fu-man-ti an-cor! N'ha qui di più sa-por, E son fu-man-ti an-

cres. poco a poco.

new! Are new, yes, they are new, Are new, yes, they are

cor! Ah! si fu-man-ti an-cor, Ah! si fu-man-ti an-

Sec.: f Tutti. p Wind. f Tutti. p Wind.

new, are new, are new, are new, are new, are new, are new, are new, are new, are new.

cor: chi vuol comprare, chi vuol comprare, an-diam chi vuol comprare, chi vuol comprare?

Sec.: Tutti.

Str. ben marcato.

(To the workmen.)

O, yes! a cake is a relish To a bottle of wine, As a lady to a
Le past e e le ciam bel le Fù as por danno al vin Come o non fui le

You who work in the heat Shall to
Sua...

- day have a treat; You may pay me to morrow, you may pay me to morrow, to morrow, to
man do da mar Vi do temp po a pa gar, Vi do temp po a pa gar, e, vi do

Here are we, alive and well, you see, My

sweets and I to ge ther: Come and buy, and try how crisp they be, And

light as a - ny fe - ther. On - ly look, and taste 'em too, All of
to - se, son por - fel - te. Ah! n'ho qui di più au pardon

them to - day are new! Come and buy, come and buy, come and buy, come and buy!

voil! son calde an - cor, Chi ne vuol? chi ne vuol? chi ne vuol? chi ne vuol?

Sgro.

Andante.

Spoken.

(Hark ye, pretty lasses.)

Lovers warm-ly lov-ing,

Pres - to-a - mor s'ac - cen - da

Sgro.

Andante.

Sgro.

glow-ing like an o-ven, glow-ing like an o-ven, On - ly keep a light

Ma proo-ta e-gli muo - re Che d'a - mor far - do - rea No, non vog - ge, no, non

Sgro.

quar- ter of an hour; I, for e-ver tell-ing, Bak - ing, glaz - ing, boil - ing,

reg - ge più d'un di. Del - la - mor più bel - lo, Io son ver ma - del - lo

Sgro.

with George her brother!
She calls her...lo!

Soprano.

For he loves her so
Per lei tango...lo!

All the Tenors.
And Master Peter breaks his heart
Sua cor e lei che Pietro sta...dubbi, ad aspettar...

Danilo: 3

Does he love her so much?
Per lei tango...mor?

And she will not come out!
Dis ci ver? Io...ven?

much,

And she will not come out.
Sì, ma in...van, l’ar...van.

(Peter, angry, threatening the workmen.)

Have

L’istesso tempo.

Gone! have done! What right have you to

Quand’he baci...lo...

mock me! The man who dares provoke me Shall feel,

... shall feel it is no,

play, shall feel, shall feel it is no play.

(The workmen, mocking Peter, fill their glasses.)

Long may her king live and reign, may reign, may reign:

Here's to King Charles, the man for me:

Our Charles the Twelfth, beloved is he:

Both sea and land are in his hand. Tra la la la la la, in his hand.

Both sea and land are in his hand. Tra la la la la la, in his hand. The

All good Swedes from jolly beak-er, All good Swedes from jolly beak-er,
A sua lo-de sa be-via-no; A sua lo-de sa be-via-no,

Pledge their mon-arch in good li-quoer; To has glo-ry fill a-
A suo fas-eti; a suo glo-ria; Si per lui ver-siam be-

DANILOWITZ.

No! ten times no! no! no! no! no! no! no!

PETE. (rushing peretz Danilowitz and workmen.)

I say, stand off! I say, stand off!

Drink as we do, on the spot! on the spot!

Allegro con spirito.

(Meyerbeer's "L'Illot du Nord"—Novello, Ever and Co.'s Octavo Edition.)
dare ye! Al-thou' ye be strong-er, In-sult us no long-er, Or else ye shall rue! No long-
det-ta! Il pre-mio t'as-pet-ta Di tan't in-so-lu-zas tre-mar vi fa-re-mi! Tre-mar!

dare ye! Al-thou' ye be strong-er, In-sult us no long-er, Or else ye shall rue!
det-ta! Il pre-mio t'as-pet-ta Di tan't in-so-lu-zas tre-mar vi fa-re-mi! Tre-mar!

Peter.

. . . . er, Or else ye shall rue, No long-er, Or else ye shall rue! (They threaten Peter
tre-mar vi fa-re-mi! Tre-mar, . . . tre-mar vi fa-re-mi! and Davulotte.)

How dare ye, how
Ven-det-ta! ven-

How dare ye, how
Ven-det-ta! ven-

How dare ye, how
Ven-det-ta! ven-

How dare ye, how
Ven-det-ta! ven-

Sera

How dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye,
Ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to,

How dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye,
Ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to,

How dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how dare ye,
Ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to, ven-det-to,
Ah! Come on, come on, come on, ah-diam, ah-diam, ah-diam, ah-diam.

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-to-glie di mes-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-to-glie di mes-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-to-glie di mes-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

Dare in-sult us, And you shall rue,
Jo vi se do, La guer-ra, la

Dare in-sult us, And you shall rue,
Jo vi se do, La guer-ra, la

mi-se-ra-ble, mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-ma a voi ri-ma-ne, a voi ri-ma-ne, La guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble, mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-ma a voi ri-ma-ne, a voi ri-ma-ne, La guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble, mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-ma a voi ri-ma-ne, a voi ri-ma-ne, La guer-ra, Che

See...

shall quer
shall quer
mi se ra ble, mi se ra ble stran gers, Who are but two, but
mi se ra ble, mi se ra ble stran gers, Who are but two, but
mi se ra ble, mi se ra ble stran gers, Who are but two, but
mi se ra ble, mi se ra ble stran gers, Who are but two, but

Audente.

two. Ter! (the bell sounds—all stop suddenly.)

The bell that to his la bour the

work-man calls a-way. 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

the work-man calls a-way. 

Si c'as-cen al la-vor. 

Non pùi qui-si-tion, 

Non pùi qui-si-tion, 

the work-man calls a-way. 

Si c'as-cen al la-vor. 

Non pùi qui-si-tion, 

Non pùi qui-si-tion, 

Son. 

- turn we to 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

The quar-rel ends, 

Non pùi qui-si-tion, 

NON pùi qui-si-tion, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends, 

The quar-rel ends,

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Re-turn we to our toil as friends, 

Ah! entr'ami, en-tr'ami a-mi-ci an-cor, 

Son. 

Rec. and Scene.—"Now come, what is the story?"

Danilowit.

Now come, what is the story thou hast to tell us, Russian? How does it come a-

Eb-bea quali avven-tu-re ci narri? O Mos-co-vi-ta? come ti tro-

Piano.

Peter.

-bout thou art in Fin-land? One day, in this ve-ry vil-

ta nel-la Fin-land-a? Un di in ques-to ca-su qua-si ave-

ill-ness I had sud-den-ly faint-ed, I met with sue-cour, brought by a gen-

nu-to per col-le-ri-co ac-ces-so, mi por-se-a-i-ta; u-na gen-ti fan-

Danilowit. Allegro moderato.

girl who close at hand has her dwell-ing. And people call thee her lo-

cial-la che di-mo-ra quel pres-so. E dice o pos-so no che fa-

Peter.

May be it

Allegro moderato.

is so. And that thou hast come to this ar-se-nal to la-

tri-o. E che in questo ar-se-na-le en-tra-sti a la-co-

ru-re per-che so-

Meyerbeer's "L'Escole du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(45.)
Matter! But who are you?

Allegro. Recit.

Thow, that all this while art asking so many questions?

of-fer-ing to Po-ter the Caz. A bru-tal man! May be, but yet con-
vi-gi of fri-re a Pie-tro il Caz. Un som bru-tal! So-ru'mu'm e un som di

in-gens; and all his sol-diers would for him be rea-dy life to sur-ren-der, if it were on-ly for to
cuo-re, e i suoi sol-da-ti a dar per lui la vi-ta sua tut-ti pron-ti, fos-se sol-tan-to per u-

Allegro moderato.

Peter.

hear that march, so sa-cred.

What is the sa-cred march of which thou

Allegro moderato.

Danilowitz.

speak-evl

Tis that which at Pul-ta-va was sung by the sol-diers of his

Ob.

army, and which, as all men fan-cy, was com-pose'd by him. To reach his

Ob.

No. 8. Polonaise.—“HE WHOSE HEART TO FEAR HAS NEVER YIELDED.”

Piano.

 Allegretto brillante.

DANTICHIUS.
Brillante.

He whose heart to fear has never yield-ed. Shall be still in bat-tle safely shielded;

Chi il cor van ha da temer fe - so, Dal Cam- po d’o-nor vie-ni sem-pre il be-so;

He shall be in life and death ren-own-ed, And with gar-lands then by fate, by

Lo-da-to ci se-rà in vi-ta in mor-te, O’l’as ser-to d’al-tor gli da,

fate be crowned.

dà la sor-te. Well he knows how to re-

Meyerbeer’s “L’Elisir da Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—$0.0—
Shall be still in battle safely shielded; He shall be in
Dai Cam - po d'u - nor rien sem - pre il te - so La - da - to ci sa -
life and death re - nova - ed, And with gar - lands then by fate, by fate be crown-ed.

Ah! if I per - chance es - cape from dy - ing, And one day a vic - tor home am hie - ing,
Ah! s'e - gli av - ver - rà el'io poi non mo - ra Ch'un di vin - ci - tor io tor - ni - ma - co - ra.

O what crowds will hur - ry forth to meet me, And with shouts that reach to heaven, to
O quan - ti ve - dro d'in - tor - no star - ma Con gri - di d'ev - vi - va al cie, al
Speak, as I pass along. Ah! if I perish,
ro liue un in-chin-se-guen-do la via. Ah! s'gli avver-

Ah! chance escape from dying. And one day a victor home
vu ri ch'io poi non mor-a Ch'un di van-ci to-ri tor-miau-co-ra

O what crowds will hury forth to meet me. And with shouts that
O qua-ti ve dro d'in-tor-no oltar-mi Con can-ti d'e-

reach to heaven greet me. The mighty captain, the mighty gen-e-ral. (Which I shall never be) with high-est hon-ours.
vien a no gri-dar il co-pi-te no il ge-ne-ral. (O quel che mai disvenire) con gran ri-set-ten.

Scene and Recit.—"He is ambitious."

Recit. Peter.

He is am-bi-tious, and may be use-ful. But this love which de-

lights me? Must I in-deed be gone, and love-ly Cath-er-ine be held no more?

Andantino.

Now let me be go-
ing.

Ah! there is the Pro-fes-sor! He plays the air that Cat-herine is fond of. I will

Ah! am I Profes-sor that I a-ria mo-no di-let-ta a Ca-te-rina, Bi-

Allegro.

As-ter him, (George plays the flute.)

( Peter plays the flute.)

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(55.)
Bra-vov, bra-vov!
I pray you enter, my sister is
I have come to practise.
A studiar ren-a.

(Mysteriously.)

absent.

It is a lover's story.
Us' amo-rosa stori-a.

Tu very ear-ly.
Si di buon' ora.

It is a lover's
Us' amo-rosa

What would you hear it?
La vuoi sa-per?
You would then listen, to thee I can re-
sto-ry!
sto-ria!

Yes, tell me.
Si par-la.

Allegro moderato.

Allegro moderato.

My sister and myself were born in U-
lor-la.

Ambo mia suor-i ed io fum-moi in U-ronesia

Meyerbeer's 'L'Etoile du Nord.'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
Peter. (with impatience.)

And then, and then, but go on, on to the end. A - las! be - nef of

tu - ne, of fate the wretched vic - tims, at length we reach'd this vil - lage, by sing-ing as we

jour - ney'd; and I by teach-ing musi - c since then have made my liv - ing; my sis - ter lives by

sel'ling her liquors and her spirits. But this lover's story, of which thou hast been
know-d in quo-ed ac-qua-ti-te. Ma l'amor-za-eta roa di cui tu mi par-

GEORGE.

speaking. Well, it is this, that Ral-nold, mas-ter of you-der
l'o-ste vi-ci-no è

hos-tel, is un-cl of a maid-en, of all I know the
zi o di si bel-la fan-ci-el-la ch'e-gard mai non vidi

fair est, Pras-co-via they call her, and since the day I
Pra-sco-via ces-sa sì chia-ssa dat di che l'ho ve-

saw her, for love I have been pin-ing, and near have lost my
du-is d'a-mor si an-dai lan-gue-do, che ho la ra-gion per

reason, for love. I have been pinning, and now have lost.

near have lost. my reason. How then, art thou the lover I why didst thou not con-

fess it? I did not dare to tell; only my sister is gone this very moment to ask for the

question, but linger on the way. And meanwhile on the flute I propose to have a

lesson. For my part, I would have much rather a glass of spirit. To leave off

a tempo. Moderato.

drink ing I but now de cided, but here I drink to Ca ther ine in all her
car vi je ri a rea de ci so, ma il fo per Ca te ri na ai sue bel

GEORGE.

In all her beau ty. Bra vo, what a lov er!
Al mo bel vi so. Bra vi, as sai be ne!

beau ty, in all her beau ty
vi so, ai sue bel vi so.

CATHARINE.

Recit.

A lov er think ing but of li quor, while I am ab sent ask ing for him the
un a man te che sol pen sa a be re men tri bia bel la vo a do man dar gli in

Allegretto moderato.

fair one.
spo sa.

GEORGE.

Now say, what has the ta vern keep er told thee?

Allegretto moderato.

king on his throne, on his throne, at his counter sat he.

dai co-man-dor, co-man-dor, ve-day-to qual sa-zan.

leggiempe.

(making a low curtsey.)

"Sire!" did I say,
"Si-ri, dis-si aller,

brother hopes that you will hear him, He hopes that you will hear him; The

tel ah-le ven ai Far-di-men-to, Ah: ven ai Far-di-men-to: Per-

hand of your most lovely niece he asks of you by me.

Wind sustain.

On this the king, looking kind, kinder than I care to mention,

Su-

Winds cresc. Cres.

From his mouth removed the pipe, and replied with condolence.

(In a deep voice.)

The kinsman who did

send you here, Need not despair; Our niece shall be his

consort dear, And he, and he our royal

(tempo lento. (In her natural voice.)

declare! Declare! Am I not fit to manage an af-

2ND VERSE.

Str. leggieramente.

peace is the clear-est, the bat-tle is near-est, He would...
ru: ready, in ruins half already; And

come true to it is, as knowledge no debt.

like a royal despotic

and in us

All that he asked I, with a mental reservation.

Tut-to accor da, tut-to si da perito ministro.

The monarch then did reply, proudly as befits his station:

Es disse al for cos un far cos un far da so era

(in a deep voice.)

To him for whom you

"Co lui che v'ha man

posante.

p stac.

De-clare, de-clare, is wo-man not the best am-bas-sad-ress.

 declaring, declaring, is woman not the best ambassador.

De-clare, de-clare, is wo-man not the best am-bas-sad-ress.

Declaring, declaring, is woman not the best ambassador.


SCENE AND RECIT.—“BUT THE MONEY.”

Recit. George.

But the mon-e-y, what asks he?
Ma il de-ma-ro, che chiedi-

Catherine.

Ev’ry farthing that I possess of earnings, towards thy wedding
Tut-to quel che fi-no-ra ho gua-di - gua - to per ammogliar - ti to

PianX.

George.

give thee.
Ne’l pri - ma con - via che pen - si a te, non so glie, bi - so - gua che tu

Peter.

I have no wish for marriage.
Io non ho qua - sta bra - ma.

Catherine.

Thou know - est, know - est there is one that
Tu sa - ti no - ci che v’è qua - l’cu cie

loves thee. That loves!
A - mor, a si - lent, when his time he pas - ses in drink-ing and dis -

Allegro moderato. \( \frac{d}{4} = 108 \).

Re Dreams. Catherine.

—-putes. How un - hap - py! Give ear to me, broth-er mine; dost thou re-

Meyerbeer’s “L’Elisir du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(70.)
Mem'ring what were the words of my mother, spoken the night in which she died; now, fixing her eyes upon the men-ti qui che dice no ma- dre quando la not-te che mori fis-son-do negli astri le pu-

Audace con moto.

stars, she sought to read what should be fall her chil-dren? She said to me:

Audace con moto, 84. c-e-m, m i d i s-si al-lor:

Catherine. (Not to be sung, but spoken in the time here indicated.)

"Not one, O my Cath-ine, but has his

"Ca-scan, O Ca-te-ri-na, la la sua

star; and thine, which is the bright-est star in the north, pre-diets for

stel-la: la tu-a che più dell'al-tre bril-la nel nord, a tu pre-

theo a strange, un-u-nal face; by it I see that

Cor. Eng.

il cre-di dra-no des-tin, di qua veg-go qual-

some one, of dig-ni-ty trans-scen-dent,
cu-no di tra-scen-den-te mer-to,
will bring to thee a share of that high
del-ta for-

for-tune which is thy due."

Thy mo-ther, she said this! Art cer-
tain? When thou, my

mo-ther, now art al-most dy-
ing, I brought thee succour, and thou to life re-

Allegro moderato.

- turn-ed. I know not what, but some-
thing shone sub-

vi-

Allegro moderato.

light, . . . be-
neath thine eye-
lids, and then I said, This man must sure-
ly be

one of a loftier rank than our own. Didst thou believe it? I stated that I, saucer volgar dens de meco na.


thou must to che sì sfuggir troppo sa-vente, e troppo ardi-ti sono i tuoi vo-

speak Thou tem-per is per-sist-ent. O, be sil-ent, O cru-el sue, how freez-ing, how care-less is thy man-ner! It de-te, e il tuo go-ta-te, so dif-fere-nte a quel-te! Che

al-ways ir-ri-tates me so! scest thou, scest thou! Dost
sceu-pre m’or-el-ta co-di, ve-di, ve-di, Mi-

threat-en? Al-re-a-dy dost thou think thy-self my
woe-chi tu donque? Gia ti cre-di ma ri-quor?

For-give me, this is a de-feat which ne-ver will be
Per-don, que-sto è un di-fe-fo che vin-ce-re non

conquer’d. Who cannot rule him-self is no less sor-ry a hus-band than a master. Ah! this is
pos-so. Chi non si sa do-mar, non è men tri-so no ri-to che pa-dro-ne. Ah! questo è

too much!

Then shalt not have my love; se, maid, I leave thee.

Away! Thou dost not know. Leave me, leave me, thou hast promiz’d. Ah! well, I leave thee.

Solo and Quartet.—"AH! I SHALL DIE!"

(Enter Prasovia running.)

George. Allegro con spirito.

O heaven! my be-lov'd ene! O where-for such a-gi-

Prasovia. (trembling.)

Ah!... I shall die! I shall die! I shall die!... I shall die! I shall die! I shall
die! So fast ran I... You hear how I am panting,

Catherine.

Tell me, What is it? 'Tis well.

Par-ly, che au-ven-me? Eh-bee.

Ah!... Son di gel! Son di gel! Son di gel!... Son di gel! Son di gel dal ter-

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(75.)
you I hardly know. My poor heart is beating so. Is beating.

(soft)

My heart is beating so.

(with new terror) dim.

Ah! I shall die, I shall die, I shall die, I shall die, I shall die!

Ah! Son di gel, son di gel, son di gel, son di gel, son di gel,

Più non so quel che fo, più non so quel che fo!

(falling)

What is this?

Che dis' io?

Has some nas-gi:

Quel da li ro

Made me mad with my

Viua son dal ter-

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile de Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Andante. dolce con portamento.

fear! I recov’er, calmly breathing; I am safe, and you are here, I recov’er, calmly breathing; I am safe, and you are

Andante. *96.

you are here, I recov’er, calmly breathing; I am safe, and you are

poco riten.

cor, sono an-cor, Io ria-sco, io re-pi-ro; Or che a voi, a voi sono presso an-

L’Intenso tempo.

here, you are here. There is no cause for terror, There is

Catherine.

There is no cause for terror, There is

George.

We are here! There is no cause for terror, There is

Peter.

There is no cause for terror, There is

L’Intenso tempo.

nought to a-larm; You are all close be-side me, To keep me from harm. There is
cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-
nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To keep thee from harm. There is
- cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-
nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To keep thee from harm. There is
- cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-
- cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-
no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; You are all close be-side me, To
- til vo-stro a-spet-to Ha sececia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-
no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To
- til vo-stro a-spet-to Ha sececia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-
no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To
- til vo-stro a-spet-to Ha sececia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-
no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To
- til vo-stro a-spet-to Ha sececia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spet-to, Ha cal-

I am safe, 
more, Thy friends are near.
more, Thy friends are near.

Ah! My dear est

Smile, thy friends are near.

ones, since 'tis all gone by, A fa-cy or an er-er, I'll take courage, and

(a sudden roll of drums is heard.)

try
To tell what caus'd my ter-ror.

You see, I thought—

dir
God shield the Faevere ema-soo.

Con-sien so-per.

Allegro con spirito.

No!

I shall die, I shall die, I shall die,

... I shall... No.

tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor...

Allegro con spirito. (p = 92)

str.

f

p

f

Tutti.

dim.

die, I shall die, I shall die, I shall die,

tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-

accel. un poco.

die!

I can-not now!

I do not dare!

It com-nes a-

Catherine.

But toll us how?

Ti spiie-ga al-fin!

But toll us where?

Ti spiie-ga al-fin!

But toll us when?

Che co-sa hai tu?

George.

Piero.

But toll us how?

Ti spiie-ga al-fin!

But toll us where?

Che co-sa hai tu?
Ah, I shall die, Ah, I shall die, Ah, I shall die, Ah, I shall die, Ah, I shall die.

REICT.—"CONTENT THEE! TO GET THE NEWS."

GEORGE.

Content thee! To get the news I now am going. No, no, no, no, no, no, do not go, by the Calmucks and the

N. Is it to study a - de-se-pree or nude.

GEORGE.

Cossacks is the village in - vested, and they take all for - boo - ty.

Catherine.

No, no, observe thee. In them dost thou not

No, no, I ce - ser - ox non vi - co-noci ta.

Peter.

A tempo molto moderato.

Peter, a tempo molto moderato.

O maid-en fair and brave! Here will o'er her watch unseen by a - ny.

I saw thy face in the sun - set of the day, reglar su lei qui - vi ma - sco to.

Meyerbeer's "L'Elisir da Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(58.)
No. 14.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—"TIS OUR TURN TO DESTROY AND BURN."

Piccolo, Flutes, Oboe, Clarinets, Bassoons, Horns, Trumpets, Trombones, Kettle Drums in E and B, Side Drums, Cymbals, Bass Drum and Strings.

(Gritzenko enters at the head of a troop of Kalmucks, who steal in one by one.)

Allegro moderato.

Gritzenko. P

Allegretto moderato.

Vl. trem.

Piano.

\[ \text{\textit{there's no one}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{no one}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Ndr} - sun.} \]

Four Basses.

Come in!

\( \text{\textit{Oe - sii!}} \)

Four Tenors.

Here we are——

\( \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \)

Gritzenko.

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in - sien, accochegiam, tra - ci - diam!}} \]

Tenors.

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in - sien, accochegiam, tra - ci - diam!}} \]

Basses.

Tutti in - sien, accochegiam, tra - ci - diam!

Here we are!

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \]

Here we are—

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \]

Chorus.

To destroy and to burn!

\[ \text{\textit{Saccoggiam, tra - ci - diam!}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Tutti in un!}} \]

Meyerbeer's "L'Elise du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(51.)
From tent in the desert,

Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,

Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,

Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,

Storm and gloom,
Dread and doom,
Follow where we come!

ra-vage the earth.

ra-vage the earth.

Follow where we come!
More to portiam!

Storm and gloom, Dread and doom, Follow where we come!
Dove and dream, Di-strings, Mor-te portiam!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Ur-vä! ur-vä! ur-vä! o-lå!

Follow where we come!
Mor-te portiam!

Ah!... The

brand and the sword are the toys we love best;  In cities on fire is our
fue-co al-la pol-ve scia talt-a il pen-sier;  No ris chi tro-sso no il ve-

We lead the wild dance where the pa-lace hath stood, And our
Pa-gi ta-ga ri a ter-ra spia-niam, E nel

And our torches we quench in a lake of blood, And our torches we quench in a
San-gue che co-lla far-do spe-gia-n, Si, nel san-gue che co-lla far-

Lake of blood! The easy toll To take for spoil, The ab-bey hoards, The bar-

The chest of gold, The chest of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold,
Ku-ga-zze vin, A noi dell or, A noi te-ser, A noi dell
gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold. 'Tis easy toil To take for spoil The chest of or, A no! dell or, dell or, dell or. Si si dell or, dell or vegliam O mor-te

Molto presto.

Sieg! Easy the toll, Nöl-le all os-ciar,

Hur-rh! hur-rh! Easy the toll, Nöl-le all os-ciar,

Molto presto. Tutt.

Rich is the spoil Of cellar old, Of chest of
Don-ne e buon

Rich is the spoil Of cellar old, Of chest of
Don-ne e buon

Rich is the spoil Of cellar old, Of chest of
Don-ne e buon

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile de Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold,
vin ai noi dell’ or, dell’ or, dell’ or,
gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, of gold, wine and
vin ai noi dell’ or, dell’ or, dell’ or,
---
Ente Catherine from the house in a fantastic dress and with a tambourine in her hand.

No. 15. Recit. and Chorus.—"Retire, retire."

\[ \text{Catherine.} \quad \text{Maestoso.} \]

\[ \text{Retire! retire!} \quad \text{In die tro! in die tro!} \]

\[ \text{Tis I, your sister, bid you} \quad \text{Tre-ma-te t'ai la mini} \]

\[ \text{Piano.} \]

\[ \text{Rex.} \]

\[ \text{Forte.} \]

\[ \text{Andante.} \]

\[ \text{Pastoral.} \]

\[ \text{Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(60.)} \]
Catherine.

Approach! but woe to the man who forgets his duty to hearth and home, let destruction as a
doom follow his footsteps to the tomb! But for the brave and honest guest, who loves the
rest, the draught is the sweetest, the dance the fittest, the tambourine

Nec la miseria eis morta?
Ma quando l'ossa osa - ro - ra, Cu - lui che l'a.

Nel lasso dura
Ma per lui suo - ne - re - no, Per lui can - te - re - no, E co - gli - li.

To the merry old rhyme, for the

(The soldiers begin to dance.)
Allegretto molto moderato. \( \text{d} = 100 \). (To Grizenko, taking his hand and reading the lines in it.)

Catherine.

Thou, a peasant's lowly son,
Tu po' on'ai contadino.

Molto sforzato.

Hast a promise in thy star,
Sotto quel lo del Czar!

Great promotion waiteth thee;
O fortuna sem' e guad;

Thou shalt a corporal
Diventerai on po.'

It rings like a chime at wedding time,

Si, Si, bal-liam, corn-tiam, es-vi-va la

la la la la la la la, The song of your queen with tambourine,

la la la la la la la, Hi-ther, my brothers,

la la la la la la la, Hi-ther, at my call; Hi-ther...

I have tidings of fortune for all!

Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 17.

Recit.—"THE MEN BELIEVE HER."

GEORGE.

The men believe her, and follow! Thou hast ten to thy uncle.

Lu ova se guen-do, co-ri va! Tu cor-ri da tuo zio.

Piano.

I to church must be running, there to see that our marriage all things are duly ready. Be

Io mi sfret-to al-sia chie-sa vo a far che per le nozze sia tut-to prou-to e les-to.

Allegro moderato.

Prasovia.

Wary of the Cossacks, be wary, I tell thee. Better by far be taken by the

Es-da i Co-ass-chi ba-da be ne ti ali-co. Meglio al-trel-tan-to poc-so dal me-

Allegro moderato.

Str. piz.

Allegro con spirito.

Cos-sacks.

Allegro con spirito.

Str.

B. & B. & B.

Catherine.

At last they vanish. Now I can breathe with

Al-fia son lun-gli. Now I can breathe with

Meyerbeer's "L'Italina du Nord." Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(16.)
Moderato.  Bevvv.

-sures me then hast not got a friend.

pro-va che un a-mi-co non lei.

As a

LL to ?

Tu di-ci dir, non u-no.

nou hai re-piu-to.

I thank thee, thanks to my heart is un-

Ah gra-se, gra-se, son una

My friend, re-late to me thy trou-

V'gian, rau-on-ca mi tuoi ca-si.

I would receive thy coun-

I would receive thy coun-

Sii tu-r-ti.

All?  Tut-ti?

Bec-dri fer-se che da-re so non si pos-so un tuon con-

-era cre-do.
PETER.

do?

And a house so old and worn, I know not how to

ca-sa?

Cla

ostel pre-so a ca-de

Che me-sier è

leggiiero. Has. sustain.

CATHERINE.

make it stand. Pull it down, the only way, and build it, build it up entirely

ri-pa-rar. Meglio fa... gis-tar la al solo per tut-to far... di nuovo an-

Peter.

new. 'Tis my mean-ing to do it.

Era appa-re il mio is-te-n-to.

but a

Mio abbi-

P leggiiero.

CATHERINE.

devil! devil!

So you say, Che dici io?

Who know not what you

pos-so! non pos-so!

Non sai dunque vo-

Will - ter? Ah! questo è mio poter - ter
And nothing can ful - fil. For to will,

Peter. Catherine.

is to do! This from you! To will is to
è po - ter! Che di tu? Vo - ver è po -

Peter. Catherine.

do! And this from you? You will ne'er by dream - ing
ter! Che di - ci tu? Germ - ans, is te?

Peter. Catherine.

blind - ly A - bove the sta - tion of a work - man rise.
A ve - ry awk - ward workman


too, yet For - tune meant to use you kind - ly. You are too wise. Not wise, but on - ly

true, And what I say, you shall obey. What you say? You shall obey,

For to will is to do!

Is to do? To will is to do!

How her tone so noble moves me,

Tis not to compel you, but only 1

Like a clarion in the air.
Peter.

tell you The man who would con-

qu-er a he-

ro must be.

Blown by

cer-

mi Som-

me-

ao e sin-

ce-

ro mer-

tar la sua fa.

To-

to ar-

cod, canto.

Catherine. dolce e espressamente.

If you have in-

ten-

tion, If you have in-

ten-

tion, Of what needs no men-

tion, Of what needs no men-

tion, V'oui tu con-

qui - star - mi, V'oui tu con-

qui - star - mi, V'oui tu seg-

gio - star - mi, V'oui tu seg-

gio - star - mi,

me to do and dare.

me to do and dare.

me to do and dare.

me to do and dare.

Mine own, how I

Leg - gia - dra con-

Leg - gia - dra con-

Leg - gia - dra con-

Leg - gia - dra con-

Catherine.

thee! There is honour and gold where the battle is high, And my mother fore

-told, That the man I should marry Would be warrior most renowned. Who

knows! 'Tis for you to try! Yes, such a one am I! Yes, such a one am I!

Where trumpets, where trumpets, where trumpets are sounding And brave armies

Catherine.

Where the trumpet calls

Go and gather laurels

\( \text{Take a ring from her finger and gives it to Peter.} \)

Laurels to lay at thy feet.

Me and armies meet, armies meet,

Me and armies meet, I will gather laurels!

poco più presto.

... to lay at my feet. Go gather laurels, gather to a te miso fe. A te miso fe per sempre a

te, a te miso fe, a te miso fe. I'll gather laurels, gather to te, a te miso fe, a te miso fe per sempre a

to a - poco, a - poco.

Tutti. f

Tutti. f

lay... at my a feet! te!

lay... at thy a feet! te!

Scene and Recit. — "Now Listen."

Recit.
Prascovia (to Catherine.)

Now listen, I will relate thee an adventure;
A secret, I will relate to thee;
It is an ancient secret, as if it had a secret, it is a secret.

That man that loves thee dearly,
That ancient secret, as if he had a secret, it is a secret.

Who gives the letter to Catherine.
Catherine (returns the letter to Prascovia.)

Catherine, Prascovia (reads.)

Catherine (taking the letter in her hand and finishing the reading of it.)

Prascovia (reads.)

"If thou find not George a substitute," "Se tu non trovi a Giorgio un cambio," "That soldier must march this evening," "Questo soldato dovrà partir stasera," "Must" "Parvi..."
march? Is this not cruel, indeed atrocious? a bride-groom that would have today been

ti! quest' è un in-fia-mo, un ca-so-a-tro- ce, un gio-y ne nell' at-to di prea-de-

Catherine. Prasovia. 3

married! Be silent! The wedding would today have been completed!
ma-glie! Ah! ta-ci! Il ma-tri-mo-nio al men fos-se gia! jui-to!

No. 20.

Duet.—"AH! 'TIS CRUEL WORK."

Allegro moderato. Prasovia. ( sobbing.)

Allegro moderato.

Pianò.

... 92.

... ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, 'Tis cruel work, I see, Ah,

... ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Più fre-mar il duol non so, Ah,

... ah, ah, ah, ah, C'è cre-der può nel ma-tri-mo-nio ah,

Catherine.

Come, come, no need; come, come, no need of sigh or tear:
And you, you shall be married, never, never fear!
Thou shalt be married, never, never fear!
Aye! Aye!

Francesca.

How! how! can it be too much to fear?

O what delight! O delight! to be his wife, what a blessing! O what delight!
O deliz, O piacer senz’ o! per te osor mi cres.
(pauing.)
(pauing.)
O what! alas! But there to part so soon as wed. At the
qual gioja! Ma poi dover uscir ci accor, Cys.

Ve ry height of joy! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

cru el they will be, Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Ah! I shall die, so will he! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

do lor mori ro? Ah! ah! ah! Doro lor mori ro!

tempo.

tempo, da ca.

Catherine.

Come, come, ne-ver give way! And per-chance he may
An-dian, non pêanger, pain! Of-ter-ven,

Prascovia (gaily.)

stay at home with thee for a day! A day! Or... two!
Vor che re-sti qui un sol di! Un di! Cinque di!

Prascovia (sadly.)

Ah! what a lit-tle time! Well, then, suppose seven days were allow'd him?
Ah! con que gior-ni sol! Eb ben ni vi-dea se-u- na set-te- mar-ni?

Prascovia (gaily.)

Se-ven days! but a week, tis nothing! Ah! ah! sis-ter mine! What
Che? dou-ver u-na set-ti-me-ni? Ah! ah! las-su me! Che

(crying.)

now is griev-ing thee? Is griev-ing thee? Tis, Tis
co-su an-cor ti fa ban-guir co si Ah! Ah!
when the Sunday morn will shine, a window I must be, A-last! Ah!

if so cruel they be, Ah! ah! I shall die, so will he! Ah! ah!

Catherine.

ah!... I shall die, so will he! Ah!... di dov'e morirô?

Prasovia (with censure.)

two!... Ah!... that were the blessing of

Hea'n! Th[e:]re would be hours e-nough E-nough?

Allegrò molto moderato.

---

**Prasovia.**

So many days to parting given,

Quindi ci di cosi va bene,

---

Catherine.

So many days to parting given,

Quindi ci di cosi va bene,

---

sigh.

Yet, I must weep, I know not why, weep.

---

sigh.

How the child weeps, she knows not why, weeps.

---

(laughing.)
know not why,
And then I laugh, ah, ah, ah, ah!
I know not why, ah, ah, ah, ah!

(ri-do an-cor, ah, ah, ah, ah!)

(criing.)
knows not why,
So ready both to laugh and cry!

(Si et la ri-de e piau-ge-as.)

(mying Parcorus, crying.)

(laughing.)

(crying.)

(laughing.)

(Yeyerbeer's "L'Elisir da Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co. 's Edition.)
Catherine.

Time to smile and sigh.

Time to sigh!

Praskovia.

Time to smile, give time,

Audiam, Audiam!

Time to sigh, Time to sigh!

Mi da valor.

Tempo I, no.

Tutti.

Catherine.  

Do not forget, but fifteen days are granted. No more!

Non ti scor dar, quin ch ci giorni sei li. Non più!

Piano.

Prasovia.

Ca tief must then be sure to come to relieve the substitute who replaces him. How shall a substitute be found, pray tell me? One that I know of, like to him in his costume, do I seek for me to bear me. But if a guidone, who does not fear the costume worn by sol diers, him will I speak to. But if

Prasovia.

Catherine.  

Meditate here for the wedding. To church I soon will follow. See the procession. I leave thee.
Chorus.—“UP AND DON YOUR GARMENTS.”

Allegretto ten moderato. (the procession enter.)

Piano.

Chorus of Girls. Dolce e staccato.

Up and don your garments, neighbour, Kept in store, kept for fair and

Pres't al Fa - bi - to al Fe - sto De' ma - ri - ta il più bel.

ho - li-day, For with vi - ol and with ta - ber, Come your bri - dal guests this

Del la mu - si - ca al ta - re Il cor - te - gio il più bel.

Meyerbeer’s “L’Etelie du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(12.)
He knows our custom old, I see, "The
Cos - tu-ma - ti-co, au - li - co è qui."

Reinhold.

bridegroom has the right," says he, "To keep them waiting."

"In wholesome to - ken,
primo di lo spo - so A - met-ta - di fiac - chi." Quest'e un em - ble - ma.

Of what? That
Di che? Fer

man must in the house be lord, And wife o - bey him, without word of
me - gio far ca - pi - re C'è gli è, c'è gli di' ca sa il sol pa - dron, il sol pa - droom.

Reinhold.

But the cus - tom be a - bus - ses,
Dell' e - gli a-bus - sa

Treble.

And un - der false pre - ten - ces,
E un ver - ro mast e - sen - pio,

Alto.

On false pre -
Un mast e -

Reinhold (to Prascovia.)

On false pretences. If so, the lady fair May sing him, if she
may seem pie.

..ces.

..ces.

f Bass, marcato.

Tur, a cello.

Chooses. Our country air, Fit to bring the dull-est to his sense,

..bal-la cau-san La me-rat di esso suo-se e d'in-ri-tar

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

..ed-bio!

Reinhold (to Prascovia.)

..mo

..mo

..mo

..mo

..mo

..mo

Chorus of Girls.

Begin, then, begin:

Es, bea, la voix die!

..d.

..d.

..d.

..d.

..d.

..d.

Meyerbeer's "L'I trovatore."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
If she should change And grow less
To wait alone.
Less tender.

What could he blame but his de-
No vi" farte molto piú cor.

Ah!
Si!

He should not thus of-fend her,
Not upon the day,

wedding day,

Chorus of Girls.

La la la la la
La la la la

Praskovia.

Look! the crowd coming, Hark! to the humming
Sno-no la danza, La gente a monza,
Reyhold. (to the men.)

Such an idle fellow brings all to shine, And of his betrothed Seems to make game.
Questo cor-sogno A-gir non sa, Cer-mo un im-bec-cil Cer-car si fa.

Of pipe and viol ... beneath, beneath the linden tree;
Lo gia, lo gia, ... la gia a pié de tigli in fior;

Taking all at leisure Like any bird,
Come tu im-bec-cil Cer-car si fa.

La la
la

Girls who must tarry, Ere they can marry,
While she waits his pleasure, 'Tis too absurd!

Have each a partner, but none, but none has
Came the first, and eager,

Hei di glione il core,
Qual è il cel!

Mai non manco, mai non manco di danza.
Lo sposo non è qui;

She should choose some one not so idle
But none has she.

Dur si può che perdite il potere.

I! Qui!

Fere comes the man,

Not so

To dance with her what could you say?

Nou vi fis-ris mol-to pia cer

ready for the bridal.

lo spo-so, lo spo-so è qui.

First

What could you

Mol-to, pia.

The bridegroom should not slip the bridle,

Nou tar-dar, non tar-dar vi pes-go,

Si guor du spo-so a-gir son

Here comes the bridegroom to say,

Lo spo-so è qui, è qui è qui,

The bridegroom

Ah!

si!

He should not slip the bridle.


p Wind.

day, up-on, up-on the very day,

è si guor co-si trat-tar no non si de,

The very day.

Si guor non non si de.

gay.

Tis the lover gay,

Si lo spo-so è qui,

Tis the lover

Si lo spo-so è

On the very day,

Si lo spo-so è qui,

On the very day,

Si lo spo-so è qui,
Moderato.

George.

Here am I, my good friends, Ready at once to join you!
Son con te, son con te, Sol wa ma - men - ta su - le - ve - re - ve - ra! Let me but have my new coat on my shoulders, And I am your man! Ed so son con te? Si, so son con te!

Chorus.—"COME, NOBLE HEARTS."

Piano. $\frac{1}{4} = 120.$

Chorus of Soldiers.

Tenors. molto staccato.

Corno, no-ble hearts, Rea-dy and gay, To meet with glo-ry By the way.

Sol-da-ti an-diam, Al pa-se-ao andiam, O-nor che noi at-ten-de bi.

Basses. molto staccato.

Corno, no-ble hearts, Rea-dy and gay, To meet with glo-ry By the way.

Sol-da-ti an-diam, Al pa-se-ao andiam, O-nor che noi at-ten-de bi.

Wind.

War is our game; And ev'-ry foe, The best of friends That sol-diers know.


War is our game; And ev'-ry foe, The best of friends That sol-diers know.


Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(145.)
Come, noble hearts, alert and gay,
Sola-t'ia, al pas-so an-diamo,

To meet with glory by the way.
To mer-ry sound of fife and
Al suon del flau-to e del tam-

March on, nor think of danger,
To mer-ry sound of fife and drum, March on, nor
Al suon del flau-to e del tam-bur, Mar-ciam e

Think of danger, plan, plan, plan, plan,

Wind.

love and hope, with love and hope is beating so!
(Taking up bottles—spe-mo pien, di spe-mo pien, e di pien cor! Reinhold and filling glasses.)

Glu glu glu
Glu glu glu

Two Basses.

With all our hearts in nectar dew, glu glu, Young man and
With all our hearts in nectar dew, glu glu, Young man and

With love and hope
Ma bat te il cor,
My joy-ous heart
Lie is au-ve-nir

maid, I drink to you.
tie tie tie tie,
tie tie tie tie

maid, we drink to you.
so re di co stor.
Tic tac, tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
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Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
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Tic tac, Tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
Tic tac, Tic tac, O qual delir, tic tac,
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Ah!
...toe, toe, With love and hope is beating so, toe, toe, Soprano.
Zon son son son, For love is on the threshold stone, zon son.

...toe, toe, With love is beating so, toe, toe, A-mor so creo al tuo pre-dire, toe, toe,
You, glou glou glou glou, In drop of nec-tar dew, glou,
You, glou glou glou glou, O qual di-get-to sveno! glou,

Love's on the threshold stone, A-pre-te ar ri va-a-mor,

...toe, toe, A-mor so creo al tuo pre-dire, toe, toe,
Way! gewor! With glory by the way, Sol-da-tial pos-so an-diam,
Way! gewor! With glory by the way, Sol-da-tial pos-so an-diam,

tic tac, With love and hope is beating so, with love and hope! tic
tic tac, A - mor io cre - do el tuo pro - dor, mi bat - te il cor! tic
son son, For love is on the threshold stone, the threshold stone! tic
son son, L'è - mor bat - te con - sia a - peir, con - via a - peir! tic
tic, tic tac, With love is beating so, with love and hope! tic
tic, tic tac, A - mor io cre - do in te, mi bat - te il cor! tic
glou glou glou, In drop of neo - tar - ew, with all our hearts in
glou glou glou, O qual di - let - to see, ah! qual di - let - to
glou glou glou, In drop of neo - tar - dew, with all our hearts in
glou glou glou, O qual di - let - to see, ah! qual di - let - to

Love's on the threshold stone!
A - pri - te ar - ri - ca - mor!

Love's on the threshold stone!
A - pri - ti ar - ri - ca - mor!

Love's on the threshold stone!
A - pri - te ar - ri - ca - mor!

With glo - ry by the way!
Sol - da - li al pas - so an - diam!

With glo - ry by the way!
Sol - da - li al pas - so an - diam!

tic, tic tac, My heart, my heart in joy-ous glow, With love and hope is beat-ing so, My
tic, tic tac, O qual per noi dol-ce av-re-nir, A-mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, Ah!

tic, tic tac, For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold stone, So
tic, tic tac, O qual per lor dol-ce av-re-nir, A-mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, Ah!

tic, tic tac, My heart, my heart in joy-ous glow, With love and hope is beat-ing so, My
tic, tic tac, O qual per noi dol-ce av-re-nir, A-mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, Ah!

coe-tar dew, Young man and maid, we drink to you, Young man and maid, we drink to you, In
coe-tar dew, Be-viam ad o-nor di co-stor, Be-viam o-nor, be-viam, be-viam Ad

coe-tar dew, Young man and maid, we drink to you, Young man and maid, we drink to you, In
coe-tar dew, Be-viam ad o-nor di co-stor, Be-viam o-nor, be-viam, be-viam Ad

zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is on
zon zon, zon zon zon, L'a-mor bat-te
zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is
zon zon, zon zon zon, Con-sien a-
zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is
zon zon, zon zon zon, Con-sien a-

My, my heart is beating so, tic tac, tic tac,

Love is on the threshold stone,

My, my heart is beating so, tic tac, tic tac,

Love is on the threshold stone,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,
(holding up their bottles)

glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou glou

Chorus of Girls.

Chorus of Musicians. (the musicians scraping their fiddles.)

Zon Zon

Chorus of Soldiers.

Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan

Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan Plan

Add Hns. & Cl.

Str. pizz.

molto cres.

tac tic tac, My heart is beat-ing so, My heart is beat-ing so,

molto cres.

tac tic tac, A - mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, al tuo pre-dir,

For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on

molto cres.

For love is on the thres-hold stone, A - mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, al tuo pre-dir,

molto cres.

For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold

molto cres.

glou glou glou, With all our hearts in nes-tar dew, Youth and maid, we drink to

molto cres.

glou glou glou, Oh! quanto a me piace un tal sono, Be-viam di lor ad o -

molto cres.

glou glou glou, With all our hearts in nes-tar dew, Youth and maid, we drink to

molto cres.

glou glou glou, Oh! quanto a me piace un tal sono, Be-viam di lor ad o -

molto cres.

zon zon zon, For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold

molto cres.

zon zon zon, L'a - mor bat-te con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri,

molto cres.

zon zon zon, For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold

molto cres.

zon zon zon, L'a - mor bat-te con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri,

molto cres.

For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold, L'a - mor bat-te con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri, Con-vien a - pri,

molto cres.

plan plan plan, Come, no - ble hearts, a - bert and gay, To meet with glo-ry by the plan plan plan, L'o - nor che noi al - len-de la f no - stri di gui - dar do -

molto cres.

plan plan plan, Come, no - ble hearts, a - bert and gay, To meet with glo-ry by the plan plan plan, L'o - nor che noi al - len-de la f no - stri di gui - dar do -

molto cres. Pian.

My heart! With love and
Ah! amor! Oh qual
a mezza voce.

Ah! hold stone! For love
Poco marcato.

you, to you! glou glou glou glou, In nectar
Poco marcato.

nor be niam! glou glou glou glou, O dolce

nor to you! glou glou glou glou, In nectar

stone, Is on the thres - hold stone! For

Si, a - pri - al - am

thres - hold, the thres - hold stone! For

Si, a - pri - a - mor

Is on the thres - hold stone! For

Si, a - pri - a - mor

way, glo - ry by the way To

Sra, mar - ciam, ah! mar - ciam

way, glo - ry by the way To

Sra, mar - ciam, ah! mar - ciam

— Sing so, With love and hope is beating

pre-dir, A'mor si cre-do al tuo pre-

in, For love is on the threshold

dir, A'mor si cre-do al tuo pre-

so, With love and hope is beating

dir, A'mor si cre-do al tuo pre-

maid, we drink to you; Young man and maid, we drink to

o-nor si co-tor, Be vien a o-nor di co-

maid, we drink to you; Young man and maid, we drink to

o-nor di co-tor, Be vien a o-nor di co-

So let him in. For love is on the threshold

Che vuol en-trar, L'e-mor bat-te al vo-stro o-

So let him in. For love is on the threshold

Che vuol en-trar, L'a-mor bat-te al vo-stro o-

in, so let him in, For love is on the threshold

— pui, che vuol en-trar, L'a-mor bat-te al vo-stro o-

alert and gay, To meet with glory by the

gui-dar-ci o guor, O-mor de sol gui-dar-ci o-

glory by the way, To meet with glory by the

gui-dar-ci o guor, O-mor de sol gui-dar-ci o-

Reinhold.

All is ready in the chapel yonder,
Go in, my children, the priest is waiting!

No. 25. **Solo and Chorus.**—"Guard Those I Leave To-Day."

(All kneel. The bridesmaids place the bridal crown on Prascovia’s head, and give her a nosegay. Catherine, wrapped in a large cloak, passes through the crowd, pauses on the pier, and turns towards the bridal party.)

**Piano.**

\[ \text{Allegro molto moderato.} \]

\[ \text{Catherine (on the pier).} \]

\[ \text{Allegro molto moderato.} \]

\[ \text{Ma...drei...miser...pri...ver!} \]

\[ \text{Heed...not...how...lone...I...stay...Then...with...thy...bless...cover!} \]

\[ \text{Meyerbeer’s “L’Etoile du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(103.)} \]
(a boat with recruits stops at the pier.)

1st TENORS.

Leave her the Echo to tell Thy gay farewell. Thy gay farewell
gro-te ad-dio in-tuscan cor La tua canzon. La tua can-

2nd TENORS.

Leave her the Echo to tell Thy gay, thy gay farewell. Thy gay farewell
Per gro-te ad-dio in-tuscan cor La tua canzon d'amor. La tua can-

In. a Cello.

Leave her the Echo to tell Thy gay, thy gay farewell. Thy gay farewell
Per gro-te ad-dio in-tuscan cor La tua canzon d'amor. La tua can-

The heavens is smiling e'er us, The ocean bright be-
well, thy gay fare-well! Come, come, the ocean is heav-ing. And if, and if thy
son, con-son d'a-mor! Au-diam non piu tri-es-sa, no! Non piu tri-es-sa,
well, thy gay fare-well! Come, come, the ocean is heav-ing. And if, and if thy
son, con-son d'a-mor! Au-diam non piu tri-es-sa, no! Non piu tri-es-sa,

fore us. To all I love... let Echo tell, let Echo tell... A
mis-tress be grieving. Let Echo tell thy joy-ous fare-well. Let Echo tell thy
a co-lei che il cor ti spez-sa dir per ad-dio I can-ti miei. d'a-
mis-tress be grieving. Let Echo tell thy joy-ous fare-well. Let Echo tell thy
a co-lei che il cor ti spez-sa dir per ad-dio I can-ti miei. d'a-
gay fare-well! Ah!
joy-ous fare-well! La la la la la la la la la
joy-ous fare-well! La la la la la la la la
joy-ous fare-well! La la la la la la la la
joy-ous fare-well! La la la la la la la la

fare well! fare well!

la, la, Leave to the Echo to tell, Leave to the Echo to
def ri-pet-é te-co-a-gnor,

la, la, Leave to the Echo to tell, Leave to the Echo to

Wind

E-cho my fare well! The heav'n is smil-ing
si ri-pet-é te-co-a-gnor! Fa sei che la sei il

tell thy gay fare well! Heav'n, the heav'n is

tell thy gay fare well! Heav'n, the heav'n is

Over us, The ocean bright before us, Let Echo
lo de, Ai- lor che a te... m'af-fi-do, Ri-pe-

smiling over us, The ocean, ocean bright before us, Let Echo tell thy
par-ti-o-r dal li-do, Ai- lor che a te, che a te m'af-fi-do Un e co an-cor ri-

smiling over us, The ocean, ocean bright before us, Let Echo tell thy
par-ti-o-r dal li-do, Ai- lor che a te, che a te m'af-fi-do Un e co an-cor ri-

Sea
